

## jam

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## jam

by Anonymous

### Summary

Dream has an awakening during George's cooking stream.

### Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

George looks fucking dumb in a chef outfit.

This is the first lie Dream tells himself as he tunes into the cooking stream, a smile of betrayal pinning itself to his face just so the whole world can see how 'fond' he is, or whatever the fuck the fans call it. The smile only grows as George paces in stressed circles around the kitchen, eyes wide with panic as he double checks his setup for the hundredth time. *It's fine, you're doing great*, Dream wants to tell him, but the stream's only just started and it's a little too early to be exposing himself like that. Twitter would never let him live it down.

"Dude, do you even realise how wide you're smiling?"

Dream looks up to find Sapnap staring at him incredulously. Now his attention has been brought to it, there's a dull ache settling over his cheeks where they've been stretched, jaw locking from the force of his grin. Huh.

"Listen. I just think the amount of effort he's put into this is very admirable." It is. George has been worrying about this stream for weeks, obsessing over the tiniest of details to ensure he gets everything perfect. He's brought it up every single day, just to ask for Dream's opinion on this, that

and the other. What should he cook? Should he use two cameras? Are people even going to watch? Dream wouldn't say it out loud, but he thinks it's really sweet how hung up George is on getting this right.

Sapnap nods unconvincingly, like he thinks Dream's full of shit. "Yeah, sure. *I* think it's admirable, and I'm not the one staring at him like he hung the stars."

"I'm not either?"

"Oh my god, you're so fucking oblivious," Sapnap says as George waves a knife around onscreen. It's one of the least threatening things Dream's ever seen. "I bet he'll take his eye out with that."

"Nah, he'll be alright." Dream clearly isn't in the mood for George slander today.

Sapnap huffs. When Dream continues to stare at George moving around the kitchen, he huffs again for good measure. "It's a *joke* man, you don't have to hop on his dick every two seconds. You're down so incredibly bad."

"Down? What does that even mean?"

"Like, you wanna take him to a nice restaurant. And then fuck. And maybe get married too. You're whipped, basically."

Perhaps Dream would choke on his oxygen if he weren't concentrating so hard on George measuring out mozzarella. "Can you shut the hell up? I'm trying to watch George's stream."

"You know, I would be offended if you didn't already ignore me for George literally every day. He doesn't even live here!"

"Whatever."

As the stream progresses, things turn bad. And then worse. Until Dream feels like he's choking, flour coating the insides of his lungs so his chest is seething with white sandstorm.

There's something about seeing George walk around, something about seeing him hold things as though they're made of shimmering caramel. As if they'll crack under his fingertips. Dream wants to tell him he can grab the knife harder, he can put more weight behind it. Better yet, he wants to reach around him and do it himself, George warm against his chest as he cuts the fries into even pieces.

A flurry of sphinx moths flit at his heart, and Dream doesn't want to think about what it means. His blood feels like it's cloying, infected with reams of sugar and chocolate spread as he imagines cooking with George, moving around the kitchen in an intricate routine as they prepare food together. Elbows tucked away so as to avoid jabs to the ribs. George's lips, shining like glaze cherries as he smiles up at Dream and fiddles with the settings on the oven.

*Domestic*, is the word his mind provides.

But he cooks all the time with Sapnap, forces him to wash the dishes what feels like every day because he seems adamant on letting Dream do it. He doesn't feel his insides tightening when they cook together, doesn't feel the need to sit him on the kitchen counter and kiss him until the food burns. It feels like something they do because they have to, nothing ritualistic or sacred tied to the action. Dream isn't sure why watching George do it is making him feel so hollow.

He's forced to accept the realisation he wants to cook with George, wants to feed him mozzarella sticks painted crimson with salsa just to see the way his eyelashes flutter against his cheekbones. He wants to pull George into his arms when the meat is sizzling, he wants to press his lips into the back of his neck and tease him for burning everything. His stomach warms until it feels like an oven, hot and bruising.

"Fuck."

Sapnap perks up. "Have you finally accepted it?"

"Accepted what?"

"How badly you wanna kiss him, dumbass."

Dream can feel a migraine brewing at the forefront of his mind. It blisters with heat, the blue fire of a gas stove sweeping through his cortex. "I don't wanna kiss him." It sounds like a lie, even to him. Because all that's in his head right now is the thought of George, handling ingredients so gently it makes Dream's heart break into glucose shards.

"You're literally smiling at him like he's the fucking sun, Dream. All he's done is fuck up some mozzarella sticks," Sapnap presses, an eyebrow quirked towards his hairline.

"Hey, it's not his fault the recipe sucks."

"Oh my god. Holy shit. You're the worst. I'm gonna call him." Sapnap already has his phone out, thumbs flying over the screen as he navigates to George's contact.

Dream's migraine seems to press closer in a rush of salty tide. It feels like he's had an entire spice rack tipped into his neural passages, potent enough to singe the lining of his brain.

He's about to lunge across the couch and tear the phone from Sapnap's possession, but he's so wrapped up in his haze of lemon and cinnamon that he realises a beat too late, and the line's already connected. Fucking hell. George's voice filters out of the thing, distorted by distance and echoing in a way Dream isn't used to because he's standing in some empty kitchen.

"You look cute with that hat on," Sapnap says with a smirk directed at Dream.

His fists clench, and he's not sure why. But all his annoyance is forgotten when pink blooms high on George's cheeks, webbing out in twin clouds of rose only visible because Dream's looking for it. He's grinning down at the phone, lips parted in soft crescents to reveal his teeth. It makes Dream's blood feel sticky and saccharine, full of syrup because he wants to kiss George again and again until he's red all over, their teeth clashing because he's smiling so hard.

"You really gotta rub it." Sapnap's voice brings him back to reality and out of the sunset tinted realms of his mind. Until he can smell leather and floor cleaner instead of waxy cherries and magnolia petals. "You gotta *smack* it." He's staring right at Dream when he says it, the most shit-eating grin he's ever seen spread across the lower half of his face. In short, Sapnap looks far too pleased with himself.

*What the fuck?* Dream mouths.

He waits about two seconds after Sapnap hangs up to burst. "What the hell?"

"What? I was trying to get you some good nut material."

Dream rubs a weary hand over his face, calluses scratching against his cheeks. It's not like he cares about Sapnap phoning George, but the way he'd looked at Dream while doing it was obnoxious enough to piss him off. "I hate you so much," he says. George seems to be stressing out on stream, worrying over his computer because he's a perfectionist. Dream is so, so endeared.

"Nah, you don't."

"Fucking do."

George is still fussing over the damn mozzarella, consulting chat for every little detail instead of googling it like a rational person. But he looks cute doing it, and that's why he's maintaining thousands upon thousands of viewers. Dream can feel the smile slipping back onto his face even though he's supposed to be annoyed at Sapnap, eyes flitting over everything George does as though he's creating the cosmos. As if he has a mixing bowl full of starmatter, sparkling atoms stretching between his hands and dancing across his palms. And George already holds everything as though it's made of diamond, delicate and firm so he won't send it shattering upon the floor. He wonders if George would hold his hands like that, make him feel precious too.

"Dream, you're doing the dumb smile again."

And that's all it takes for Dream to snap.

He stands up, blood rushing to his head as he pushes himself to his feet. "I've had enough of this. I'm gonna watch it on my PC instead," he says, physically clawing his expression into one of disdain especially for Sapnap.

Sapnap, who looks like he's about to piss himself. "Make sure you don't get any on your keyboard, alright? 's a bitch to clean."

"Sounds like you speak from experience," he jabs.

"Oh, fuck off."

Dream doesn't need to be told twice.

Dream likes to think of himself as being pretty smart. Hell, youtube isn't full of *Dream 1000 IQ confirmed!!!* compilations for no reason. So no, he doesn't think he's being conceited for saying he's not the dumbest guy around.

But he certainly feels like it towards the end of the stream, when he makes the biggest fucking blunder of his life. It's colossal. It's gargantuan. Dream is so glad he used to treat the thesaurus like his holy bible when he was a kid. Weirdly enough, he doesn't think there's a word in the english language to describe just how immense his mistake is.

"Mess your hair up," he says. George starts rattling off excuses, defensive reasons why he won't do it, and Dream has to admit it's a strange request. "Just mess it up. I can't tell you why yet."

A sick sense of satisfaction curls in his gut when George moves off camera and his headphones fill up with the sound of running water, albeit off by a few seconds due to stream delay. Would George do that offstream too, do anything just because Dream told him to? He thinks about the double dipped mozzarella sticks and his blood feels like it's full of mercury all over again.

George moves back into frame, and Dream thinks if his life were written as a fanfiction, he would

need a double paragraph space to convey the effect it has on him.

Oh fuck.

George's hair is messy across his forehead, strands flying free into a dark cloud. It contrasts against the moon colour of his skin, so stark Dream's heartbeat becomes stuck in his throat for a second or two. Now he's thinking about it, George has always been a person forged of juxtaposition, soft eyes glinting with wit, careful features masking earth-shattering presence, gentle smile arcing into a vicious curve. All of it sharpens the spear positioned over Dream's heart, and he wonders how long it'll take before it punches through his flesh.

He remembers he's on stream to a few hundred thousand people. "Holy cow, I've never seen your hair like that before." Dream isn't sure how he manages to sound so composed when his mind is an echo chamber of *shit, fuck, shit* and the odd *jesus christ I wanna kiss you so bad right now*.

George fucking *giggles*, and the spear plunges into his chest cavity. "Now what?"

Dream scrambles for an excuse, but it's difficult to explain why he's just told George to mess his hair up when it feels like his heart is on the verge of falling out. "I dunno, I just wanted to see what it would look like." He even crosses his fingers in the hopes it'll make him seem more convincing. "Y'know, because after the shirt video-"

"Huh?" George is standing on screen with his headphones in one hand, features schooled into something sharp and dangerous. Something that inexplicably makes Dream want to push him up against the counter, tear the flippant expression off his face and shove his tongue down his throat instead. He reels from that particular thought. His mind seems to have run away from him, hurtling down the tracks to their inevitable end in the pits of tartarus. "I can't hear you."

*Well obviously.*

Dream pushes the thought of kissing George down, but it seems to spring to the surface every time he tries. "It's a look." He's honestly so surprised he's managing to maintain conversation right now.

"It's a look, is it?"

George moves around to fix the camera, and Dream has to physically look away from the stream.

Even when he does, he's haunted by the visual of George's jaw connecting to his neck, the dark hair curling at his nape, the way it looks when it's damp and organised into a nebula of chaos. His throat feels tight all of a sudden, and he wants to tug at George's hair, taste the way his tongue cloys with sugar, pull off his dumbass chef outfit and fuck him over one of the counters. Ah. Clearly Dream's domesticity fantasies have escalated pretty fast.

His cock stirs in interest as George continues rambling to the chat, hair wet and messy in a way that makes him look *wrecked*. Dream wonders how he would look after showering, with his skin bare and lying in pale swathes. He imagines littering bruises over it, sucking it into his mouth until it blooms with blueberry. And he can't help himself from continuing down this path, images of George fucked hollow presented to him without his express permission. Tears tipping in rivulets over his cheeks, rivers of snow melted by the sun.

It becomes more and more difficult to focus on the stream, almost impossible to throw the odd response back to George when he stays silent for too long. His fingers ghost over the hard outline of his cock, but Dream isn't about to sort it out when he's on call in front of so many people. Sure, it's tempting in his state, when his mind is looping around in caramel circles and it feels as though his limbs are stuck in honey, but he manages to retain enough agency to sit still with his back painfully straight. That's some dangerous territory he's not all too interested in exploring.

The stream seems to continue without end. Every time he's certain it'll finish, George keeps going, waiting for Karl to begin streaming so he can raid him. It's honestly driving Dream to the brink of madness, to the point he feels like he's been locked in a room all alone with only his fucking erection for company. He's drunk on it, mind swimming with blood and heat as he clutches his mouse until his knuckles turn flour white.

He pulls up his Karl's direct messages on his phone and types with shaky thumbs.

*Please fuckign starrrt*

*please.*

*i cAn't*

Dream thinks he deserves commendation for remembering to put an apostrophe in while he's losing his goddamn mind. It takes a few tortuous moments for Karl's reply to ping through, in which he tries desperately to forget about how hard he is in his sweats. Dream feels as if he's been kicked in the stomach, all his coherency abandoned several gutters away and left there to decay like roadkill. Festering with maggots, crawling with dark shame because he's sat in the gloom, watching his best friend's stream with his cock so hard it feels as if he'll lose circulation.

*LMAOOO ur down so bad*

He throws his phone across the room.

It thunks against the carpet, his lockscreen somehow triggering so the blank expanse of the wall is washed in blue-hued colour. His cock is actually painful now, screaming for attention as he bites out delirious replies to George and runs his nails over the wood grain covering his desk. Anything to take his mind off how George would look sucking him off, lips red and flushed around his tip. He'd have flour in his hair, sugar stuck to his skin and pancakes burning on the stove, knees flushed strawberry red on the kitchen tiles. Dream's vision becomes blurry and he's not sure whether it's due to physical pain or his sudden desire to fucking marry George, or something.

He nearly cries when George says, "go say hi to Karl!" Followed by a string of goodbyes because he seems incapable of ending stream without them. And then it's over, and they're alone again, and somehow the intimacy of the predicament crushes against Dream's trachea like the flat side of a cooking knife.

"I'm gonna head," he says as soon as he's presented with a blocky *offline*.

George's tone is laced with confusion. "You won't stay on call? I'm just going to lay down, we can talk."

He clutches at the edge of his desk for dear life. "N-no, I really need to go." He figures that probably sounds weird. "I mean, I'm sleepy. And stuff."

"We could sleep call."

Dream thinks about having George's voice in his ears for any longer and feels as if he may pass out. It's too much, when all he wants to do is cover him in bruises and mark him as his. "No." It comes out too harsh, and he winces. "Sorry, I just don't want to."

"Okay..."

"Yeah, bye." He tries not to think about how sharp he sounds.

"Bye Dream."

When he's left the call, Dream takes a second to consider exactly what he's about to do.

There's no going back from this, he thinks. Once he's imagined George while jacking off, there's no way he can return to pretending the way he thinks of him is strictly platonic. He's so scared of how it'll affect their dynamic, terrified of how George would abhor him if he ever found out.

Ultimately, his dick makes the decision for him. It's hellishly uncomfortable, straining against his sweats in a way that makes it feel as if there's a knife running over his navel. And besides, he's just spent the last four hours watching George's stream attempting (and failing) to diminish the brewing storm clogging his arteries with sucrose. How much worse can this really be?

*A lot fucking worse*, his mind supplies when he kicks his clothes off and sits there with his skin burning against the air.

His fingers curl by his hip for a while, bottom lip seized between his teeth because there's still time to tug his sweats back on and forget this ever happened. He can go to bed and wake up the same as he's always been, join a discord call with George the next morning without having to pretend nothing's changed.

George floats back into his mind again, dark hair and dark eyes swimming around in his vision like a hallucination. He can picture him so well, kneeling in front of Dream and drooling on his cock as though it's all he knows how to do. How he'd gag when Dream fucks into his throat too hard, how his breath would hitch and his eyelashes would flutter against his cheeks whenever he tugs at his hair. The way his skin would look in the lowlight, glowing with starshine and the blueish tint thrown out by Dream's monitors. He'd pin George to the bed afterwards, spread him out so he could fuck into him and hear how his voice sounds when it's pitched up into the heavens.

Dream seems to be good at digging his own grave.

His head falls back when he relents and wraps a hand around his cock, rubs his palm over the head. *You can still turn back*, his mind nags, but he knows he can't, not really. He's too far gone, fucking into his fingers as he imagines George in their place, lips stretched around him and tears brimming in his eyes. It's so good, but he can't tell whether the fire burning within the pits of his stomach is one of pleasure or shame. They seem to bend and warp together, shimmering in lucid waves until he can't tell sin from relief.

It feels so dirty, tugging at his cock with only the light from his computer screen to reveal what he's doing, the blinds drawn all the way down against the glare of the late afternoon sun. Perhaps he'll feel better when it's twilight. The night always seems to soften the brunt of sin, always seems to paint it in shades of conundrum until nothing feels as real as it does during the daytime. Maybe Dream wouldn't be throwing an arm over his face were it night, maybe he wouldn't be trying to force himself to think about some generic girl rather than George's fucking lips.

The drag of his palm is bitter, sweet yet not enough. It's not the wet heat of a mouth, it's not a

tongue lapping against the head and it's not lips wrapping around his tip. Dream is so frustrated it doesn't even feel good when he spills over his hand, strings of white dripping over his skin as his chest heaves.

He seems to come back to reality, and he's hit with a dosage of *oh, fuck* so intense he's impressed he doesn't pass out.

Dream would usually clean up with the box of tissues sitting on his desk when he's this tired, but today it simply doesn't feel as if it's enough. He walks to the shower instead, turns it up so high all the glass fogs with smoke grey and his skin turns bright red under the water. It's almost painful, but he feels as though nothing else will scour what he's done from the traitorous passages of his mind. The thoughts feel like black mould between tiles, the kind he needs to scrub and scrub and scrub at to make even the slightest difference.

And believe it or not, he does feel a little better when he steps out close to an hour later, skin flushed red beyond belief and water dripping from the ends of his hair. He wraps a towel around himself and stands there for a while, staring down at his feet as he drags the oxygen in and out of his lungs. It'll be alright, he tells himself. George never has to know what he's done, George never has to find out. Dream is sure everyone thinks about their friends now and again while they're jacking off—there's nothing particularly strange or unusual about it.

It's with this head full of barbed lies he climbs into bed, allows the sheets to accept his body in the hopes some of the dark sin covering his limbs will be gone in the morning.

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Dream's problem is forgotten about for a few months, cast to the very depths of his mind and left there to be devoured by poisonous anglerfish. But as most things full of delirious helium do, it floats its way back up to the surface before long.

And judgement smacks him across the head when he finds George cooking crepes one morning, dressed in his pyjama bottoms and one of Dream's hoodies. He's forced to stop in the doorway, eyes blown wide as he takes it in, the way George's hair is mussed by sleep, the way the stupid hoodie falls to his mid thigh. When he's just about managed to process that, Dream's attention is diverted to the bowl of crepe (*pancake*, George insists) batter in his hands, watery and pale.

"Oh, *jesus fuck*." Dream's always been one to speak his mind.

George turns to look at him with an eyebrow raised, and it makes his stomach flip over in its pathetic little frying pan of hate. Butter swirls around the recesses of it, burning hot until he can barely dredge together a string of cohesive thoughts. "You know, I've been in Florida for a whole month. You should be used to it by now."

If only he knew. A white haze of memories are called back into Dream's mind, of a hot palm and the visual of George with messy hair to accompany him. He's managed to repress this until now, forget about how badly he wants to kiss George until he can't breathe and feed him shitty food just because they made it together. About how he wants to bite and suck at him like he's something to be eaten. "You're making pancakes."

"Yep." So eloquent.

"Do I get any?" *Can I eat you too?*

It's utterly cruel, how good George looks with his hair all fucked up like it is. He's supposed to



look stupid, supposed to look dishevelled and unkempt, but instead it just serves to drive Dream up the goddamn wall. “I dunno, what are you gonna do for me in return?”

“Wow, that’s a sketchy way to phrase it. What kind of *favours* did you want?” Dream pushes the boat out a little because sleep is still clinging to his mind and he feels slightly more daring than usual.

George rolls his eyes. “I mean like, you could wash the dishes afterwards or something.”

“That’s boring,” Dream says. He’s feeling increasingly light-headed the longer he stands here, kitchen tiles blistering against his feet because it’s still morning and they haven’t warmed up yet.

George is looking at him strangely. “What were you offering?”

Now, Dream has two options here. And the way he sees it, one of them is going to land him with more arduous housework, and the other has a chance of ending with George in his bed. Sure, there’s also the chance that George will cut off all communication with him should he choose the second option, but in his defense, it’s ass o’clock in the morning and he’s just been hit with a whole lot of resurfaced sexual frustration. Namely, how George is drowning in his hoodie and the way his hair is all messy just the way Dream likes it.

“Um. Sex?” That really wasn’t how he intended for it to come out.

“Dream, *what?*”

He rubs an awkward hand over the back of his neck. “Yeah um, that was a case of foot in mouth syndrome. Also it’s like, criminally early-”

“It’s eleven a.m.”

“Yeah, so it’s *criminally* early, I think my filter stopped working. Let’s just forget I said it and act like I haven’t orgasmed while thinking of you before.” Well. To be fair, Dream did say he has foot in mouth syndrome.

“Are you being serious?”

And perhaps he should lie, perhaps he should deny it so they can hop on an express train right back to being two dudes who happen to be best friends. But Dream’s morning brain seems to be a little confused of the difference between getting him laid and getting him ostracised. “Yeah?”

“So you want to have sex with me.”

Does he? Dream only has to think about how George would look, hair tugged into a disastrous cloud and eyes completely fucked out for a split second to start nodding enthusiastically. “Um, if you’re offering.”

“Fucking hell.”

“I’ll take that as a no, then?”

George looks just about ready to murder him, hands balled into tight buds at his side and the pancake batter well and truly forgotten. “Come here.”

Dream walks forward without fully realising he’s doing it, feet moving on autopilot just because George commanded him to.

“Yes?” He’s standing so close to George it makes him dizzy, so close he can sense the way his skin smells of something sweet, remnants of cinnamon and muscovado clinging to it. And his hair is messy just the way he likes, uneven against his forehead as though he’s run his hands through it a hundred times. “George, what?”

“You can take it as a yes,” George says, pupils black holes in the middle of dark irises. “I know how you fucking look at me, Dream. I’ve been waiting for you to stop being a pussy and *do* something about it.”

Oh. Dream feels like a kid on Christmas, heart thudding hard against his ribcage because George is leaning in now, George’s freckles are swimming out of focus and George somehow smells like cocoa and cinnamon and syrup all at once.

George doesn’t taste of sugar yet, his tongue flooded by spearmint because he must’ve brushed his teeth right before coming downstairs to cook. He’s panting into Dream’s mouth already as their tongues slide, skin red and flushed to the colour of raspberry jelly. Dream shoves him hard against the counter just to get a reaction, and is rewarded by a breathy whine that bounces off the kitchen tiles, loops around and around in Dream’s head until all he can taste is treacle. It’s perfect, how easily George comes undone in his hands. Like sugar dissolving under hot water.

They’re interrupted when he pushes George onto the worktop and a cloud of flour surrounds them.

“Shit,” George says, pulling away so he can survey the damage. The bag’s been knocked over, and so a haze of powder coats the marble in blustery white. It dusts the end of his nose where it’s been kicked into the air, settles amongst the dark strands of his hair like snow. He looks sweet, with opal dotted over his cheeks like freckles. Dream’s heart squeezes despite his hardening length. “I didn’t mean to.”

“It’s okay.” He thumbs over George’s cheeks despite himself, watches in mesmerisation when it smudges the white out across the reds of his cheeks. The vision of George’s face dripping with cum like icing punches its way into his mind, and he can barely contain the groan that sits on his tongue. He wants to ruin George, smear jelly across his skin just so he has an excuse to run his tongue over him. Watch him shudder, when he sinks his teeth in hard enough to mark. Perhaps coax blood to the surface, crimson and strawberry.

“Dream?” George blinks, slow enough so that his eyelashes lie flat against his skin for a few seconds. Dream is so fucked, but what else is new?

“Sorry I was just- thinking about cumming on your face, honestly,” he admits.

George chews at the bottom of his lip as he considers that. “You would do that?”

“Well, I kinda want to fuck you first, but it could be arranged. I’ll hold out for you.”

“Good.”

And they’re kissing again, all tongues and teeth because they’re both keenly aware of the tension that’s been developing between them ever since George moved to Florida. Dream sucks at his tongue every now and again just to hear the way he gasps into his mouth, just to feel George shudder against him. His teeth tease along his bottom lip, poised with knifelike threat every time he thinks George will pull away to drag oxygen back into his blood.

His hands move everywhere, tease up under George’s hoodie to find nothing but skin, whole reams of it mapping out just for him. And it’s soft under his palms, soft where it pulls over his hips and

up to his ribs. Dream ghosts his fingers along the bottom of them, soft and gentle because sometimes he thinks George deserves to be put in a fucking museum, crafted by the loving hands of a god that decided George was its favourite.

“Fuck, do you think jelly works as lube?” There’s a jar of it resting just beside George, a cartoon raspberry plastered onto the glass. The top refracts light over his hand as he reaches for it, silver moonbeams dancing in graceful patterns as he pulls the thing towards him.

“I have-” George breaks off into a whine as Dream sucks another bruise above his collarbone. It’ll be purple come morning, blotchy so George looks adorned by blackberries. Dream wants to collect an autumnal harvest on his skin, wants to turn him blue and purple and maroon. “Luckily for you, I have strawberry lube, you freak. You’re not putting jam in my ass.”

And Dream might laugh at that were he not so addled with lust. “You do?” His words are murmured right into George’s skin, pale as cream and tasting something like chocolate.

“Yeah.”

He sucks in a breath. Dream is presented with a whole new montage of mental images, namely of George slicking up his fingers to push them into his ass. How he’d bounce on them desperately, never quite able to get the angle right to reach where he needs in order to cum untouched. How he’d whine and claw at the sheets, tears of frustration working their way over his cheeks as he bites into the soft skin of his arm in order to keep quiet so Dream and Sappnap don’t know he’s taking himself apart. His eyes might fall shut, mouth popped open as he fucks back onto his digits. He’d cave eventually, tug at his cock when his fingers hit it too irregularly. A haze of strawberry surrounding him like an aphrodisiac, dusting his joints with pink until he looks good enough to eat.

“Dream,” George says. He’s gripping at Dream’s forearms with cold hands. His eyes are laced with something wild, something which suggests he’s *hungry*, that he’s tired of never being able to fill himself up properly just how he deserves. “It’s upstairs, just *please*.”

Well, he doesn’t need much more persuasion than that.

He reaches to turn the stove off, flicks the dial so blue flickers out of his periphery. There’s a pancake on the ring, the bottom burnt and the top pale like two wildly different sides of a coin. Most of the batter sits untouched on the counter, stewing away in its glass bowl and begging to be remembered. It’s a wonder it remains intact, unspilled. Dream has to smile at the sight of it—all his fantasies seem to be coming true right now, even down to the way George’s hair is mussed by his hands.

It’s a struggle to get upstairs when his mind is so clouded with fruit and cream and sugar. Dream feels like his surroundings will slip away from him and he’ll wake up back in bed, a sticky patch adorning the front of his pyjamas and George nothing more than a mirage in his memory.

Somehow, he manages to make it into George’s room, and the muted interior seems to greet him with warm hands and a familiar smile. But then George is back in his arms, moans tumbling from his lips every time Dream bites and sucks and laves at the skin covering the junction between his neck and jawline. It’s addictive, and he’s not sure how he’ll ever summon the strength to stop.

“Gonna fuck you so good,” he murmurs with a bite to George’s bottom lip. It makes him gasp, makes him rut his hips up into Dream’s palm as he chases delectable friction. Anything to alleviate the pressure building in the bottom of his stomach. “Bet your fingers can’t reach where you need

‘em, huh?’

George looks as if he might cry. “N-no. It’s so frustrating. It burns,” he says, clinging to Dream as though it’s all that’s keeping him anchored to his body.

“Do you think about anything, when you’ve got your fingers shoved inside you? When you’re fucking yourself?”

There’s a beat as George’s eyes fall to the floor, strawberry bursting once again against the snow of his cheeks in a rush of blood. Dream can’t stop himself from leaning forwards as though to taste it, to press his lips all over the skin stretched across George’s face just so he can marvel at how soft it feels. Flour remains powdered over it, smeared beyond belief as though to resemble delicate clouds. “I think about you,” he admits in a rush.

“Oh, you do?” A smirk curls across Dream’s face, hot and satisfied.

“Yeah. Think about how you’d fuck me, Dream,” he says quietly.

And fuck, he wants to *devour* George. He wants to drink him in so nothing tastes sweet again, not compared to how his skin feels between his teeth. He wants to taste his cheeks, the softness of his thighs, the wet heat of his tongue with lemon clinging to it like sherbet. “I’ll fuck you well, I promise. I’ll make you feel good.”

“*Please.*”

The goddamn strawberry lube makes his head spin all over again when he gets it out, squirts the stuff over his fingers so he can warm it against his skin. If he focuses on it for too long, the smell becomes too much, artificial flavourings threatening to sear his cortex with saccharine strawberry imitation. So he stops thinking altogether, and instead pushes his forefinger past George’s rim.

He’s rewarded with a breathy whine, one which tugs at the coals lining the bottom of his stomach. George’s hole flutters around his finger, blooming and decaying as a spring flower might. It’s flushed with more rosé, and Dream thinks he might grow sick of the colour pink after this. He knows it’ll never look quite this good again, not when it seems to belong on George’s skin, marring it with summer fruit and sweet red sauce.

Dream is certain George will get used to the stretch, is certain he won’t pull more noises from him quite so easily. But with each finger he adds, George begs for more, grips at his shoulders as though he’s starving and attempts to push his hips down further. It fills Dream’s head up with white noise, buzzing against every neuron until they’re all tangled together like strings of liquorice and he can’t tell left from right, up from down, strawberry jelly from the colour pooling across George’s limbs.

George grips at the sheets every time he pushes, every time their skin drags together. His head tips back and Dream is rewarded with the sight of his neck bared flat, flexing whenever he forces down a needy whine because he looks intoxicated on the way Dream’s fingers fill him up. He looks ethereal, with his skin blooming in patches of red and his lips slick with glaze. His limbs are so soft it aches, forces his heart to atrophy into shades of cream and milk because George seems to have been spun straight from the clouds. Brought down to earth and presented here just for him. Dream wants and wants, wants to push deeper into George so he might taste what eden is like.

When George is adequately stretched, he draws away. And he should be expecting the way George whines at him, the way his voice pitches up as he begs Dream to fill him up again, to press against his walls so he forgets how it feels to be empty.

“Jesus Christ, you’re so fucking impatient,” he says. He acts annoyed just because George sort of deserves it, but something about knowing how fucking thirsty he is for Dream makes his lungs feel as though they’re floating, as though his limbs are ensnared by balloon strings and he’s about to burn up in the atmosphere.

George’s voice sounds more strung out than he’s ever heard it, edged with sharp sugar shards and dragged along a bed of caramel. “ ‘m sorry, just need you so bad.”

“Okay, just hold on a second for me.”

“Mmhm.”

He reaches into the drawer which contained the lube, hand moving around blindly as he grabs for a condom. It’s difficult to find things when you’re in someone else’s room, Dream is coming to realise. A short huff of frustration escapes him.

George reaches out with shaky fingers to stop his movements. “Um, I’m okay if you don’t use one,” he says, hands curling and uncurling like he’s nervous. Like lotus petals under the summer breeze, uncertain and dainty. George looks something like he did at the beginning of the godforsaken cooking stream, when he flit around his kitchen to triple check everything was working correctly. Dark eyes laced with panic, shades of sharp molasses swimming around in their depths.

Dream thinks about his release leaking out of George, running over his thighs, and nearly loses it then and there.

He manages to retain his composure enough to ask, “are you sure?” Because his mind is full to the brim of his cum streaking in milky white over George’s skin.

“I thought you were gonna-” George stops to fiddle with his fingers. “Thought you were gonna cum on my face. I dunno, figured it’d be easier that way.”

It feels like all the oxygen in Dream’s blood has burnt away to nothing, feels like his heart will beat straight out of his chest. “Fucking hell, George. That’s kinda filthy.”

“Oh shut up, you like it too.”

He’s smiling when he leans back in to kiss him again, so wide it feels like his cheeks will split apart. “Yeah, I do.”

Dream really has to wonder what on earth he did to deserve this when he pushes into George, feels the way his walls thrum against him in an addictive tantra. It’s hot enough to blister, so warm Dream can feel something sweet and melted coursing through his veins and seeping out onto his skin. “Fuck,” he breathes.

“Yeah, I’ve been telling you to for the last half hour.”

George has that same expression on his face, the one he adopts when he’s being petulant on purpose. Dream wants so badly to fuck him until his eyes screw shut in pleasure, until he can’t even speak anymore and all he knows how to do is whine. “Did anyone ever tell you how annoying you are?”

“Once or twice. You can go, by the way.”

“Good,” he says, before fucking into George just how he’s always wanted to.

It's entrancing, how well George responds to him. He goes gentle at first, makes sure to kiss over his collarbones and bite at the skin stretched across them. Drags his lips down over his chest, revels in the way George gasps and moans and arcs up into even the most featherlight of touches. He's almost shaking, fists curled up tight as Dream pushes harder and harder into him, tight enough around his cock that Dream feels drunk on rosé. It bubbles up inside him, fills him up with sweet cherry until his vision is distorted with pink coloured haze.

"You're so fucking pretty," he breathes as he pushes into George. It's an effort to control himself, to correct his angle so he doesn't go at him like a fucking highschooler. There's amethyst and sapphire already forming upon George's limbs, only visible because his skin is so untouched by the sun. It appears in crystal clusters, sparkling in the morning light as if he's pulled George from the very depths of the earth in order to be admired. Rare and beautiful, blinded by the sheer brightness of the world's surface.

George pulls him in closer, and he can feel where he smears precome over his navel. Dream wants to *taste*, so he does, draws his fingers through it so he can bring his hand up and suck them clean. And it's filthy enough to electrify his nerve endings, to shock them with popping candy and clarifying lemon.

"You're not the first person to say that, you know."

Something primal claws its way up his throat, sits on his tongue until all he can taste is citrus. "But I believe it the most."

"Then stop talking and fuck me."

And it's only a matter of time before he has to stop holding back and fuck George exactly as he wants, deep and fast and delicious. He's ravenous, and now George is presented to him like a full course meal. Dream takes and takes and takes, fucks into George like he'll never see the sunrise again. As if he'll wake up buried under a headstone and only needs to remember how it feels to have George squeezing around him, addictive and hot.

He wants to watch George when he thrusts just right, so he focuses his gaze back on his face instead of sucking a constellation of love bites across the expanse of his chest. He adjusts his movement until it happens, until George's mouth falls open and his eyes roll upwards in his skull as though he's whispering a prayer to a deity he doesn't believe in. Because that's how good it is, to the point his vision is flooded with a sunburst so bright Dream might just start believing in divine intervention.

"There?" He asks, although he already knows the answer.

George is trembling now, hands fighting for purchase on the sheets as Dream presses more and more and more, until he's covered with scarlet and his eyes turn hazy. "Yes, there."

Dream is nothing if not a fast learner. He maintains the angle as he continues to fuck into George, pushes him down into the sheets so his hair tumbles in a dark halo around his head. His body is so pliable, so easy for Dream to grab hold of and leave marks all the way up his sides. And he seems to feed off it, drinks up every touch until he's shuddering, until he can barely keep his eyelashes from lying in dark lines across his cheekbones. Dream wants to keep going, wants to make sure George will remember him for the next few days, remember how he feels cradled deep inside him.

"Dream, I'm gonna cum," George whines, eyes flying shut as he tightens his legs around Dream's waist. To the point it's difficult to move, difficult to keep rocking into him.

“You can,” he says, pushing harder and deeper as he pushes George towards the edge. “Of course you can, you’re so good for me.”

And then he’s presented with the sight of George’s head tipping back, every burst of sour candy contrasting against the expanse of his neck in throes of scarlet and pink. He shakes as he spills white over his stomach, over Dream’s stomach, tying them both together with some sort of ritualistic shared experience. As though they’ve been working in tandem, dancing around each other in a kitchen in order to create something delicious. George’s limbs are trembling, curling over and over as if he’s been exposed to the blistering heat of an oven.

The sight of it is almost too much for Dream, hips slowing when George begins to shake from the heavy push and pull of him. Like the evening tide, bringing with it salt and soft oyster shells beautiful enough to make the clouds weep. George looks wrecked like he’s been imagining, eyes vacant and his jaw unlocked as if he can’t remember how to close it. His chest heaves, and every exhale seems to send plumes of heady spice tumbling into the atmosphere around them.

He pulls out not long after George cums, fists at his cock so he can send his release trailing over alabaster skin. It runs over his temples, clings to his eyelashes like filthy snow, spreads over his lips like sugar icing. Dream thinks he never wants to look at anything else ever again, not when he’s seen how George looks with his release spread all over his face.

“I’ve had a revelation,” he mutters, hands flying up to cup George’s jaw and kiss him softly despite the mess he’s made of his lips.

And George just laughs at him, pulls away so he can wipe the worst of it off with his fingers. “You’re so filthy, you know that right?”

“Stop making fun of me,” he says, pulling George against his chest and holding him there so he’ll quit being mean.

“Never.”

He learns the true feeling of syrup afterwards, when they’re lying curled into each other like a perfect eclipse. It feels as if all his limbs are stuck in the stuff, aching from exertion and covered in a glistening sheen of perspiration. They’re heavy as hell. Or maybe it’s something to do with the weight of George upon his chest, the addictive way his breath fans out over Dream’s skin in a rhythmic morning cadence. The sound of the trees whispering spills around them, peaceful and downright perfect.

“Your hair looks good like this,” Dream says, running a hand through it. His nails scrape ever so slightly against George’s scalp, and even though he looks absolutely fucked out, he arcs into the contact all the same.

“It’s a look, is it?” George smiles up at him without any of the bite he normally likes to adopt.

Dream is still delirious that he has George in his arms, their skin pressing together in all the most sinful places. He’s cool where Dream is hot, pretty and red where Dream is gold. It’s contrast after contrast, swirling around in a heady rush until he feels full to the aching.

“Yeah, it’s a look.”

## End Notes

help

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